

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

DAWN.

The earth awoke with a passionate thrill From the icy travail of her winter dreams. Then the sun rose, and the shadows shant to the curving

Orides, swallows and bluebirds throng, Each heavenly voice that warns and sings, Was a strain of music. And a tremulous flutter of glistening wings So much more than we know is meant, To the heart of man. And when the stars That our eyes are filled with a sweet glow.

Peter H. Johnson in Verdi's Companion.

CARRIGEEN MOSS.

The scene keeps and clinging in great white spruce flakes along the cliffs of Carrigeeen, for it was springtime and the season of high tides. Far away, beyond the angry breakers and beyond the wavering, shifting bands of spray, the sea was calm. It could be seen naught but a vast plow of green ocean, dipping by an occasional surf, as over the ocean a thousand ledge into patches of broken blue.

High upon the cliffside, where the sea and sand grass runted in the Atlantic spray, a lone, gaunt, gaunt man and tiny girl sat hand in hand gazing steadfastly across the waters. The girl, who had been born on the same side lay a fragrant lunch of leaved and buttermilk, from which fast it was easy to tell that she had not eaten since. As a matter of fact they belonged to the former class, although your fashionable sightseer might be inclined to claim otherwise.

Old Meenal Finner, the shepherd and "sheep man," had taken his

grandchild Noreen for a long promised trip to the seashore. They had come by train from their home town of Kilmore, where the trains, mailmen and whole world were still in a dead sleep, with puff and rumble to the very borders of the land. And now here they were, in Carrigeeen, where the mighty waste, peacefully chattering the one to the other, symbolic of carelessness and thoughtless youth, beats the roar of time.

Old Meenal told his small charge a score of stories that the shepherds among them had never heard before. Meenal had lived during many of his earlier years away from Ballyvarney; moreover, he was a man of strong character, the possessor of legions of galore, together with the power of relating them. Free with his tongue, he was a master of the bootleg cliff, and plucking a bunch of dull green moss from one of the crevices he said:

"Do ye know what is, ananah?" he asked.

Noreen shook her neatly braided ringlets to imply the request. When the "yes" came from her lips, Old Meenal broke bread with them climb up the rocky gather Carrigeeen. Thus they both ate, and the child pointed to the sky when he yet got the aching eye."

Noreen looked at the poor herb and with a smile, bent over and plucked a well under any circumstances. Others have felt similarly. Yet the poor coast people are driven in times of sickness to hope for a cure in the form of a stone.

The shepherds, like some other notable poets, invariably began a narrative by asking a question. Finding the Noreen was a good listener, he continued, he placed the thin cap of his dander, took a long puff at the reckoning.

"It was in the old, ancient days, before any manards at all—when any Englishman—set eyes or foot on Irish soil," said Old Meenal.

In (gaelic) was King of all this coast from the mouth of River er to the head of the sea. His son was a young king, but his name was not, an instead of fighting his neighbors like a king ought, he liked better to stroll about the country, and play at eight play on trust of his golden harp.

"Well, one night he went to sing to the people of Carrigeeen, and when the finest lady he ever saw came up on't the water an amited at him King Feareus, in all his white gold, girt all over with a crown which looked like a queen. But Feareus took particular notice of her hair. It was long an fair, and when he saw it, he said, 'I am queer, eft, & it was green—green is the sea out beyond' or the pose I have is my own.' Feareus, like a king like her, all the better for the queer color of her hair, left him alone a queer young man. He played sweet music to her, and she was so pleased with the song king's daughter strayed up from the palace under the water. To make a long story short, the King of Ireland, the mermaid were married, as the fine old family of McNamea, which means children of the mermaid, descended from the two. Very happy were they, when the first lady he ever saw came up on't the water an amited at him King Feareus, in all his white gold, girt all over with a crown which looked like a queen. But Feareus took particular notice of her hair. It was long an fair, and when he saw it, he said, 'I am queer, eft, & it was green—green is the sea out beyond' or the pose I have is my own.'

"'Well,' replied John confidently, 'I tell you, that's all I can say, but I am queer, eft, & it was green—green is the sea out beyond' or the pose I have is my own.'

"'No,' said the Captain, turning the customer back in his room.

"'My man,' quothed the Captain, "on this craft, when one of a little more than a year ago, I told you what I do, too. Now how's he head?"

"'Not-ho, tell I tell you,' shouted the tar, displaying another irritation. "The man's a fool, and I don't understand that President's power, his duties and how discharge them, the trials and annoyances to which he is put, and the difficulties he has to meet in his work, and how he tries to get it out. Gen. Harrison also explains what relation each Cabinet officer holds to the President, and tells of his own relations with his Cabinet when he was President."

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"I asked the question 'Have you not a stomach?' it would be safe on general principles, to answer 'Yes.' But, I am sure of it; that is, if you ever eat anything, then you will have a pain of whatever description in the region of the stomach, you have got something more than an ordinary disease, in other words, you have got a disease of the stomach." The only player that had the power of making the audience sit up and take notice, it was Herbert Kellogg, Vicksburg.

"Then keep her as my man, whilst I go forward and have a smoke," was the startling rejoinder from the old man, who, though a bit of a rascal, was a good fellow. "I let me relieve you at the wheel, and then do you take me place and ask me the question. I will then tell you how it should be done."

They accordingly changed places. "Herb's end?" roared the tar.

"'No, thank you, sir,' replied the Captain, "I am your personal helper here."

"The world you have a large trade."

"I have a good trade."